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OBITUARY ADDRESSES

DELIVERED ON THE

OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF

ZACHARY TAYLOR,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

IN THE

Senate and House of Representatives,

JULY 10, 1850.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WASHINGTON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM M. BELT.

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JULY 10, 1850;

WITH THE

FUNERAL SERMON BY THE REV. SMITH PYNE, D.D.

RECTOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON,

PREACHED IN THE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, JULY 13, 1850.

U. S. 31st Cong., 1st sess. 544 . P. 51 .

Printed by order of the Senate
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IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1850.

Mr. BUTLER proceeded to address the Senate; and, having spoken an hour, on a private communication from Mr. WEBSTER, he suspended his remarks.

Mr. WEBSTER.—Mr. PRESIDENT, I have permission from the honourable member from South Carolina to interrupt the progress of his speech, and to make a solemn and mournful suggestion to the Senate. The intelligence which, within the last few moments, has been received, indicates that a very great misfortune is now immediately impending over the country. It is supposed by medical advisers and others that the President of the United States cannot live many hours. This intimation comes in a shape so authentic, and through so many varieties of communication, and all tending to the same result, that I have thought it my duty to move the Senate to follow the example which has already been set in the other branch of the National Legislature.

At half-past eleven o'clock to-day, I called at the President's mansion to inquire after his health. I was informed that he had had a very bad night; that he was exceedingly ill this morning, but that at that moment he was more easy and more composed. I had hardly reached my seat in the Senate when it was announced to me that the fever had suddenly returned upon him with very alarming symptoms; that appearances of congestion were obvious; and that it was hardly possible his life would be prolonged through the day.

With the permission, therefore, of my honourable friend from South Carolina, who, I am sure, like the rest of us, has those feelings on this occasion which quite disqualify us for the performance of our duties, even in this very important crisis of public affairs, I venture to move the Senate that it do now adjourn.

The Senate accordingly adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1850.

At one o'clock and seven minutes, P. M.

Mr. BAYLY rose and stated, that he understood that authentic information had reached the Capitol that the condition of the President of the United States was so critical that he would probably not survive an hour.

He therefore moved that the House adjourn; and the question being put,

It was decided in the affirmative.

And the House accordingly adjourned until to-morrow at eleven o'clock, A. M.

IN SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1850.

The following communication, received by the Secretary of the Senate, was read :—

Washington, July 10, 1850.

To the Senate of the United States :

In consequence of the lamented death of Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States, I shall no longer occupy the chair of the Senate; and I have thought that a formal communication to the Senate, to that effect, through your Secretary, might enable you the more promptly to proceed to the choice of a presiding officer.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

The following message was received from the President of the United States, by Mr. Fisher :—

Washington, July 10, 1850.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives :

I have to perform the melancholy duty of announcing to you, that it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this life ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States. He deceased last evening at the hour of half-past ten o'clock, in the

midst of his family and surrounded by affectionate friends, calmly and in the full possession of all his faculties. Among his last words were these, which he uttered with emphatic distinction: "I have always done my duty—I am ready to die—my only regret is for the friends I leave behind me."

Having announced to you, fellow-citizens, this most afflicting bereavement, and assuring you that it has penetrated no heart with deeper grief than mine, it remains for me to say, that I propose this day, at twelve o'clock, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, to take the oath prescribed by the constitution to enable me to enter on the execution of the office which this event has devolved on me.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

The message was read.

The following message was received from the President of the United States by Mr. Fisher:—

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

A great man has fallen among us, and a whole country is called to an occasion of unexpected, deep, and general mourning.

I recommend to the two Houses of Congress to adopt such measures, as in their discretion may seem proper, to perform with due solemnities the funeral obsequies of Zachary Taylor, late Presi-

dent of the United States; and thereby to signify the great and affectionate regard of the American people for the memory of one whose life has been devoted to the public service; whose career in arms has not been surpassed in usefulness or brilliancy; who has been so recently raised by the unsolicited voice of the people to the highest civil authority in the government,—which he administered with so much honour and advantage to his country; and by whose sudden death so many hopes of future usefulness have been blighted for ever.

To you, Senators and Representatives of a Nation in tears, I can say nothing which can alleviate the sorrow with which you are oppressed. I appeal to you to aid me, under the trying circumstances which surround me, in the discharge of the duties, from which, however much I may be oppressed by them, I dare not shrink; and I rely upon Him, who holds in his hands the destinies of nations, to endow me with the requisite strength for the task, and to avert from our country the evils apprehended from the heavy calamity which has befallen us.

I shall most readily concur in whatever measures the wisdom of the two Houses may suggest, as befitting this deeply melancholy occasion.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Washington, July 10, 1850.

The message was read.

Mr. DOWNS rose and said :

MR. SECRETARY: I rise, as a member of the delegation of the State whose citizen the late President of the United States was, to offer resolutions suitable to the occasion. The announcement of his death has been already made officially here and elsewhere ; and on the wings of lightning, and almost as swift as thought, the sad intelligence has been conveyed to remote portions of this great republic. How sublime, as well as melancholy, is the scene in which we are now engaged ! But a few days since—less than a week—many of us sat near the then President of the United States, and saluted him in health, at the base of that monument which the hands of a grateful posterity are now raising to the memory of the first and the greatest of his predecessors—hero, statesman, like himself—and where we had assembled to pay devotion to the memory of the man “ first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen ;” and to rekindle, in the breasts of all, that spirit of union, fraternity, and liberty, without which we shall prove ourselves unworthy of our revolutionary ancestors, and a reproach to their memory. Yes, there sat, quiet and placid as the gentle breeze from the Potomac that cooled his heated brow, the man whose very pathway to his log-cabin school-house in Kentucky, the “ Bloody Ground,” was beset by the tomahawk of the savage,

and who had passed through four wars and many of the bloodiest and most glorious battle-fields of his country unscathed—at the head of the greatest republic of this or any other country, protected, not by bayonets, but by the affections of his countrymen: yet, in a few short days, in the midst of this quiet, peace, prosperity, and fame, he was to approach that doom which awaits us all.

ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in 1784, in Orange county, Virginia. In early life he gave evidence of extraordinary energy and force of character. In 1808, he was appointed, during the presidency of Mr. Jefferson, lieutenant in the army of the United States; rose, in 1812, to the rank of captain; and, after the declaration of war with Great Britain in that year, he was brevetted major by President Madison, for his memorable and gallant defence of Fort Harrison, with a handful of men, against a large body of savages. In 1832, then advanced to the rank of colonel, he distinguished himself in the Black Hawk war; was ordered into Florida in 1836, and for his signal services against the savage Seminoles, was created a brevet brigadier-general, and commander-in-chief in Florida. Subsequently, he was transferred to the command of the division of the army in the south-western portion of the Union; was ordered into Texas in 1845; advanced to the banks of the Rio Grande; and afterwards, beginning

with the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, 1846, at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and ending with Buena Vista, he overthrew, with fearful odds against him, and signally defeated the most skilful of the Mexican generals, Ampudia, Arista, Paredes, and even the President of Mexico himself; and, by a series of brilliant victories, gained for himself and the brave armies under his command, a world-wide renown, commanding the approval and admiration of Europe and America, and securing an enviable and proud place in the brightest chapters of the history of American arms.

But why attempt to portray his life or describe his actions? This is not the time nor place for such a purpose, if I had the ability to do it justice. His history is part of the history of his country, and therefore needs no aid of friends to preserve it. The battle-fields of Fort Harrison, of Okeechobee, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and, the most glorious of them all, Buena Vista, are at once his monuments and his eulogies. He needs no others. Of his political history, this is not the place nor I the person to speak. Yet I may, I hope, be pardoned a single remark. The wisest and best counsels of public men in a free country—free in speech, in the press, and in the ballot—cannot be expected to go unquestioned. It would not be a free country, if they were. But it is consolatory to know that,

whatever differences of opinion may have existed as to the policy of him whose untimely death we all so much lament, they are already, before the tomb has been closed over him, buried in oblivion for ever. He is hereafter to belong to no party, to no section, but to the whole American family, and his memory will be revered and cherished by them all alike.

But let not the tears we are shedding over our departed President blind us to the grandeur of the scene in which we stand. Did the world ever witness such an one before? How soon, if ever, can it be witnessed in other countries? The chief of a nation of more than twenty millions of freemen is suddenly withdrawn from the world by an act of God, followed by no disturbance of the perfect equipoise of our institutions. The gentlemen composing the cabinet of the late President, after his decease, and at the approach of midnight, without ostentation, quietly repair to the residence of the Vice-President, and there announce the national bereavement, and his own promotion by the operation of our Constitution, and the previous designation of the person to the highest and the most honourable position on earth. Within little more than twelve hours after that event, the new President has taken the oath of office, without any military parade, and been installed in command of the ship of state, which moves on over the billows of time, more

bright and buoyant than ever, bearing at her mast-head the proud emblems of national glory and greatness, and presenting to the world a sublime spectacle of the beauty and perfection of self-government.

Such a scene as this ought to make us a happier and a better people. It should make us sensible of the great and manifold advantages we enjoy as a free and united people. Let us, then, bury in the tomb of our departed President, all sectional feelings and divisions, and unite once more in that spirit of cordial good will and brotherly love which united our forefathers in the earlier days of the republic. Let us renew before we leave his grave our vows to support the Union, and our determination to perpetuate our Constitution in all its primeval simplicity and purity. There is room enough, glory enough, and honours enough for us all, while we preserve the Union, and know how wisely and prudently to enjoy it.

Mr. DOWNS then submitted the following resolution, which was considered by unanimous consent and agreed to.

Whereas, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life, ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States, the Senate, sharing in the general sorrow which this melancholy event must produce, is desirous of manifesting its sensibility on this occasion: Therefore,

Resolved, That a committee, consisting of Messrs. WEBSTER, CASS, and KING, be appointed on the part of the Se-

nate, to meet such committee as may be appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to consider and report what measures it may be deemed proper to adopt to show the respect and affection of Congress for the memory of the illustrious deceased, and to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral.

Ordered, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate the foregoing resolution to the House of Representatives.

Mr. WEBSTER.—Mr. SECRETARY, at a time when the great mass of our fellow-citizens enjoy remarkable health and happiness throughout the whole country, it has pleased Divine Providence to visit the two houses of Congress, and especially this house, with repeated occasions for mourning and lamentation. Since the commencement of the session, we have followed two of our own members to their last home; and we are now called upon, in conjunction with the other branch of the legislature, and in full sympathy with that deep tone of affliction which I am sure is felt throughout all the country, to take part in the last and due solemnities of the funeral of the late President of the United States.

Truly, sir, was it said in the communication read to us, that a "great man has fallen among us." The late President of the United States, originally a soldier by profession, having gone through a long and splendid career of military service, had, at the close of the late war with Mexico, become so much

endeared to the people of the United States, and had inspired them with so high a degree of regard and confidence, that without solicitation or application, without pursuing any devious paths of policy, or turning a hair's breadth to the right or the left from the path of duty, a great, and powerful, and generous people saw fit, by popular vote and voice, to confer upon him the highest civil authority in the nation. We cannot forget that as in other instances so in this, the public feeling was won and carried away, in some degree, by the eclat of military renown. So it has been always; and so it always will be, because high respect for noble feats in arms has been, and always will be, outpoured from an exhaustless fountain in the hearts of the people, living under a popular government. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the late President of the United States owed his advancement to high civil trust, or his great acceptability with the people, to military talent or ability alone. I believe, sir, that associated with the highest admiration for those qualities possessed by him, there was spread throughout the community a high degree of confidence and faith in his integrity, and honour and uprightness as a man; I believe he was especially regarded as both a firm and a mild man in the exercise of authority; and I have observed, more than once, in this and in other popular governments, that the prevalent

motive with the masses of mankind for conferring high power on individuals, is often a confidence in their mildness, their paternal, protecting, and safe character. The people naturally feel safe where they feel themselves to be under the control and protection of sober counsels, of impartial minds, and a general paternal superintendence.

I suppose, sir, that no case ever happened in the very best days of the Roman republic, when any man found himself clothed with the highest authority in the State, under circumstances more repelling all suspicion of personal application, all suspicion of pursuing any crooked path in politics, or all suspicion of having been actuated by sinister views and purposes, than in the case of the worthy, and eminent, and distinguished, and good man, whose death we now deplore.

He has left to the people of his country a legacy in this: He has left them a bright example, which addresses itself with peculiar force to the young and rising generation; for it tells them that there is a path to the highest degree of renown—straight, onward, steady, without change or deviation.

Mr. SECRETARY, my friend from Louisiana, [Mr. DOWNS] has detailed shortly the events in the military career of GENERAL TAYLOR. His service through life was mostly on the frontier, and always a hard service—often in combat with the tribes of

Indians all along the borders for many thousands of miles. It has been justly remarked by one of the most eloquent men whose voice was ever heard in these houses, that it is not in Indian wars that heroes are celebrated, but that it is there that they are formed. The hard service, the stern discipline, devolving upon all those who have a great extent of frontier to defend, and often with irregular troops, being called on suddenly to enter into contests with savages, to study the habits of savage life and savage war, in order to foresee and overcome their stratagems—all these things tend to make a hardy military character.

For a very short time, sir, I had a connexion with the executive government of this country; and at that period very perilous embarrassing circumstances existed between the United States and the Indians on the borders, and war was actually raging between the United States and the Florida tribes; and I very well remember that those who took counsel together on that occasion officially, and who were desirous of placing the military command in the safest hands, came to the conclusion that there was no man in the service more fully uniting the qualities of military ability and great personal prudence than ZACHARY TAYLOR; and he was, of course, appointed to the command.

Unfortunately his career at the head of this go-

vernment was short. For my part, in all that I have seen of him, I have found much to respect and nothing to condemn. The circumstances under which he conducted the government for the few months he was at the head of it have been such as, perhaps, not to give to him a very favourable, certainly not a long opportunity, of developing his principles and his policy, and to carry them out: but I believe he has left on the minds of the country a strong impression, first, of his absolute honesty and integrity of character; next, of his sound, practical good sense; and, lastly, of the mildness, kindness, and friendliness of his temper towards all his countrymen.

But he is gone. He is ours no more, except in the force of his example. Sir, I heard with infinite delight the sentiments expressed by my honourable friend from Louisiana, [Mr. DOWNS,] who has just resumed his seat, when he earnestly prayed that this event might be used to soften animosities, to allay party criminations and recriminations, and to restore fellowship and good feeling among the various parts of the Union. Mr. SECRETARY, great as is our loss to-day, if these inestimable and inappreciable blessings shall have been secured to us, even by the death of ZACHARY TAYLOR, they have not been purchased at too high a price: and if his spirit, from the regions to which he has ascended, could see these results

flowing from his unexpected and untimely end on earth—if he could see that he had entwined a soldier's laurel around a martyr's crown, he would say exultingly, "Happy am I, that by my death I have done more for that country which I loved and served, than I did or could do by all the devotion and all the efforts that I could make in her behalf, during the short span of my earthly existence."

Mr. SECRETARY, great as this calamity is, we mourn, but not as those without hope. We have seen one eminent man, and another eminent man, and at last a man in the most eminent station fall away from the midst of us. But I doubt not there is a Power above us, exercising over us that parental care that has marked our progress for so many years. I have confidence still that the place of the departed will be supplied; that the kind, beneficent favour of Almighty God will still be with us, and that we shall be borne along, and borne onward and upward, on the wings of His sustaining Providence. May God grant that in the time that is before us, there may not be wanting to us as wise men, as good men for our counsellors, as he was whose funeral obsequies we now propose to celebrate.

Mr. CASS addressed the Senate as follows :

Again and again, during the present session, has a warning voice come from the tomb, saying to all

of us, "Be ye also ready." Two of our colleagues have fallen in the midst of their labours, and we have followed them to the narrow house, where all must lie. In life we are in death; and this lesson, which accompanies us from the cradle to the grave, is among those merciful dispensations of Providence which teach us how transitory are the things around us, and how soon they must be abandoned for an existence, with no hope but that which is held out by the Gospel of our Saviour. And now another solemn warning is heard; and this time it will carry mourning to the hearts of twenty millions of people. Impressively has it been said and repeated here to-day that "A great man has fallen in our Israel." In the providence of God the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, to whom his fellow-citizens had confided the high executive duties of the country, has been suddenly taken from us—ripe, indeed, in years and honours, and but the other day in the full possession of his health, and with the promise of years of faithful and patriotic services before him. The statesman, occupying as proud a position as this world offers to human hopes, has been struck down in a crisis which demanded all his firmness and wisdom. The conqueror upon many a battle-field has fought his last fight, and been vanquished. The soldier, who had passed unharmed through many a bloody fray, has fallen before the shaft of the great

destroyer. How truly are we told, that *there is one crent unto all!* The mighty and the lowly descend to the tomb together, and together are covered with the cold clod of the valley—and thus pass away the honours and cares of life.

The moment is too solemn and impressive for laboured addresses. Thoughts, not words, are the tribute which it demands. History will do justice to the deceased patriot. He will live in the memory of his countrymen, as he lived in their hearts and affection. His active life was spent in their service, and in those scenes of peril, of exertion, and of exposure, which it is the lot of the American soldier to encounter, and which he meets without a murmur, faithful to his duty, lead him where it may, in life or in death. His splendid military exploits have placed him among the great Captains of the age, and will be an imperishable monument of his own fame and of the glory of his country. In the disparity of force, they carry us back for similar examples to the early ages of the world—to the combats which history has recorded, and where inequality of numbers yielded to the exertions of skill and valour. But I need not recur to them: are they not written in burning characters upon the heart of every American?

Strong in the confidence of his countrymen, he was called to the Chief Magistracy at a period of

great difficulty—more portentous, indeed, than any we have ever experienced. And now he has been called by Providence from his high functions, with his mission unfulfilled, leaving us to mourn his loss and to honour his memory. His own last words, spoken with equal truth and sincerity, constitute his highest eulogy: “I am not afraid to die,” said the dying patriot. “I have done my duty.” The integrity of his motives was never assailed nor assailable. He had passed through life, and a long and active one, neither meriting nor meeting reproach; and in his last hour, the conviction of the honest discharge of his duty was present to console him, even when the things of this life were fast fading away.

Let us humbly hope that this afflicting dispensation of Providence may not be without its salutary influence upon the American people, and of their representatives. It comes in the midst of a stormy agitation, threatening the most disastrous consequences to our country, and to the great cause of self-government through the world. It is a solemn appeal, and should be solemnly heard and heeded. His death, whose loss we mourn, will not be in vain, if it tend to subdue the feelings that have been excited, and to prepare the various sections of our country for a mutual spirit of forbearance, which shall insure the safety of all, by the zealous co-

operation of all. We could offer no more appropriate nor durable tribute to departed worth, than such a sacrifice of conflicting views upon the altar of our common country. In life and in death he would have equally devoted himself to her service and her safety.

Mr. PEARCE.—Mr. SECRETARY, I must ask the Senate to pardon me for venturing to add to what has been said, the expression of the profound regret with which, in common with the Senate and the country, I have learned the sad event which has been announced to-day.

A life of public service, hardship, danger, and glory has been suddenly closed. That Providence which protected the late President amidst the perils of his long, faithful, and splendid military career, and which permitted him to reap the harvest of admiration and affection which had grown up for him in the hearts of his countrymen, has removed him from us before the measure of his usefulness was full. That life which was ever devoted to the service of his country, was yielded up while he was in the discharge of the highest civil trusts—trusts not sought by him, but imposed upon him by the people. To the performance of those trusts he had brought the pledges of an unstained life, of a pure and fervent patriotism, of stern integrity,

of a kind and benignant temper, of unyielding firmness, and of unmixed devotion to the welfare of that country which he had served so well, and which so freely and worthily bestowed its confidence on him.

Few men have had better fortune than he—none better deserved it. The virtues of his simple and modest, but heroic character, had so endeared him to his fellow-citizens, that I am sure I may venture to say, that, even in the midst of the political strife which he ever sought to moderate and soften, there is not one whose heart will not throb with emotion when he learns the death of ZACHARY TAYLOR.

MR. KING.—MR. SECRETARY, it is not my design, after the eloquent tribute that has been paid to the memory of the deceased President of the United States, to add many words to what has already fallen from the honourable gentlemen. It was my fortune to have been personally and intimately acquainted with the distinguished individual, who has been called away from among us, for more than five-and-twenty years past. My relations with him, for a portion of that period, were of such a character as enabled me to form, I think, a correct estimate of the man, and to appreciate, as I did most highly, his many estimable qualities; and I can say that, in all the relations of life, he so bore himself as to com-

mand the respect and regard of his associates, of all who had the honour of his acquaintance, and the devoted attachment of his numerous friends. As a man, he was surpassed by none in honesty of purpose. He was without guile. As a soldier, all know, and none more than those I address, that he had won laurels that would have graced the brow of the first soldier in Europe or America. It was my fortune, Senators, to be in Europe at the time when the news reached there, that the gallant general of our forces on the Rio Grande, the late President of the United States, was surrounded, or supposed to be surrounded, by an overwhelming force; that he was cut off from his supplies, and was, with his gallant band, in danger of destruction. Every American heart beat with anxiety and fear. We felt, as Americans should feel, that a reverse then would cast in some degree a cloud over the country of our birth. But when the news reached us, that the gallant general of that little band had marched from his position, regardless of the danger, had placed Point Isabel, where his stores were deposited, in a state of security, retraced his footsteps, met and conquered the foe at Resaca de la Palma; no man but he who was away from his country in a foreign land, could have felt what we, as American citizens, felt at those tidings. Senators! the gallantry of that man was appreciated not only by his countrymen, but it was

felt and appreciated by the first military men of Europe. The living hero of the age, the great Duke of Wellington, declared, as Napoleon had declared of himself, on a certain occasion, "General TAYLOR is a general, indeed." I therefore, Senators, am not surprised that the enthusiastic spirit of the American people led them to support a man whose patriotism, whose devotion to his country, whose gallantry, and whose successful services on the field, must have endeared him to the hearts of all. As a man, I have said, he was honest of purpose. His patriotism, his devotion to the Constitution of his country, under which he cherished and sustained our free institutions, I have never questioned. I think I knew him well; and I believe there was no man more patriotic. If errors were committed in the civil administration of the government, I shall draw the curtain over them. No longer would I feel justified in holding them up to public gaze, even if they had been ten times as glaring as they were. The country has reason to deplore the death of a great man; and, I must be permitted to add, a good man. He has gone from among us, and the afflictive event has been appealed to, to induce us to cultivate and cherish kind relations. I trust in God, that these kind relations will be cherished, and that we shall, on this day, vow on the altar of our country, to discard all bickering and strife, all sectional dissensions,

and live and die as Americans should live and die, in support of the Constitution and the Union.

MR. BERRIEN.—SENATORS! I comply with a request which has been made to me this morning by a respected associate, and obey the impulses of my own personal feelings, in making this brief trespass on your time. It is not my purpose, in these unpremeditated remarks, to pronounce an eulogium on the departed Chief Magistrate. That has been amply done already, in terms at once impressive and eloquent. Nor do I propose to indulge the expression of individual and personal feeling; such feeling may be left appropriately to repose in the bosom of him who cherishes it. Nor yet do I seek to give feeble and imperfect utterance to a nation's grief; that will be done by our countrymen in their primary assemblages, as this melancholy intelligence flies with lightning speed to the remotest borders of the Republic, and with a freshness, and vividness, and force which the feelings of a free and sensitive people will impart to the expression of emotions springing directly from their own sorrowing hearts. We should vainly attempt by anticipation to give utterance to their feelings. Still less would I venture to intrude upon the mourning inmates of that domestic circle, who are now clustering round the mortal remains of a departed husband and father;

for the sorrows of widowhood and of orphanage are sacred. But concurring, as I do most cordially, in the sentiments which have been so touchingly and eloquently expressed in various portions of this chamber, if I could succeed in adding one, even the slightest motive—in furnishing one, even the feeblest incentive, to the suggestion which honourable Senators have urged of the use which we ought to make of this afflictive dispensation of Providence, my purpose will have been accomplished—my duty will have been fulfilled. In my reflections upon this subject, I have felt that this solemn event is, in its results, to be eminently productive of good or of evil to our common country; and in humble reliance on the blessing and guidance of a beneficent Providence, it depends upon us, Senators, and our associates, in the discharge of the important trusts which are committed to this highest legislative assembly of a free people—it depends essentially upon us and the co-ordinate department of the government to improve this afflictive dispensation of Almighty God, to purposes at once salutary and beneficial to the great interests of the country. If we can feel that in the sudden death of our patriot chieftain—in this abrupt summons of one who was “without fear and without reproach”—in the vigour of life, and in the full enjoyment of the highest honours—the most gratifying reward which the un-

bought homage of a free people could accord to him—if we can feel the solemnity of this sudden call of an individual so esteemed, so honoured, so surrounded with all that could contribute to the happiness of man—if we can truly appreciate the lesson which such a dispensation is calculated to impart, then, Senators, consequences the most beneficial may result from it. If it shall teach us to realize the comparative littleness of sublunary things—if it shall enable us in sincerity to feel that this transitory life in which we are sometimes struggling, in the bitter dissensions which political parties or sectional divisions are but too apt to engender—that the brief term of our continuance here is but a single step in the series of infinite existence—a mere point at which man pauses to look around him before he launches on eternity's ocean—if we can justly estimate ourselves, and rightly appreciate the duties which devolve upon us, we shall indeed have extracted from this melancholy event that salutary and beneficent lesson, which, in the goodness of Providence, it was designed to impart. If, on the altar of our common country, we can sacrifice the bitterness of party and of sectional feeling—if, at this moment, when the heart of a great nation is palpitating with anxiety, we can come to the discharge of the high and solemn duties which devolve upon us with hearts purified by affliction, in the singleness and sincerity of purpose

and in the humility of spirit which become us, this melancholy dispensation of Providence will indeed have been productive of results most salutary to the great interests of the American people. And believe me, Senators, if a result so propitious could have been foreshadowed to that departed patriot in the last struggling moments of his existence, it would have soothed the agonies of his dying hour.

I am permitted to say, in illustration of the strong and patriotic feeling which animated him in the latest moments of his existence, even when the light of intellect was flickering in the socket—I am permitted to repeat the expression of the departed patriot, as his recollections turned to the recent visit he had made to the monument now being erected to the memory of Washington: “Let it rise, (he said;) let it ascend without interruption; let it point to the skies; let it stand for ever as a lasting monument of the gratitude and affection of a free people to the Father of his Country.”

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

A message from the House of Representatives by Mr. YOUNG, their clerk.

MR. PRESIDENT: The House of Representatives have passed a Resolution expressive of their sensibility at the removal from this life of ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States; and

appointing a committee on their part to join the committee appointed on the part of the Senate, to consider and report what measures it may be proper to adopt in order to show the respect and affection of Congress for the memory of the illustrious deceased, and to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral.

On motion of Mr. WEBSTER, the resolution of the House was unanimously concurred in, and it was ordered that Messrs. WEBSTER, CASS, and KING, be the committee on the part of the Senate.

The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1850.

The SPEAKER called the House to order at eleven o'clock.

The Rev. Doctor BUTLER, Chaplain of the Senate, made the following prayer :

Almighty God, King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, thou doest according to thy will in the army of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Clouds and darkness are about thy throne; but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy seat!

Thou hast seen fit, Almighty God, to take out of this world our beloved and honoured Chief Magistrate, the President of these United States. Thou didst cover his head in the day of battle; and thou hast given his life to the sickness that destroyeth at the noon-day. We desire to bow in resignation to thy blessed will, and to realize that thou doest

all things well. Now that thy judgments are abroad in the land, make us to learn and love and practise righteousness.

We ask thy special blessing for thy servant upon whom thy providence hath devolved the momentous duties of the Chief Magistracy of this Republic. Thou hast seen fit to summon him to the great duties of his new position in a crisis of gloom, and storm, and danger. Let thy fatherly hand ever be over him. Let thy Holy Spirit ever be with him. Give him the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness; and fill him with thy holy fear now and for ever. Preserve him in health and prosperity; and so bless his administration, that all the States of this vast Republic, reconciled, happy, and fraternal, may be able unitedly to adore Thee for thy goodness, and to declare that The Lord of Hosts is with us—the God of Jacob is our refuge!

Bless the deliberations of the Senate and Representatives in Congress assembled, to the advancement of thy glory, the good of thy church, the safety, honour, and welfare of thy people; that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations.

Look with pity upon the sorrows of thy servants.

the family of the departed Chief Magistrate of this land. Remember them, O Lord, in mercy; sanctify thy fatherly correction to them; endow their souls with patience under their affliction, and with resignation to thy blessed will; comfort them with a sense of thy goodness; lift up thy countenance upon them, and give them peace.

Grant, O Lord, that when we shall be summoned to go the way of all the earth, we may die in the communion of thy church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a religious and holy hope, in favour with thee, our God, and in charity with the world.

All which we ask and offer in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen!

The SPEAKER then vacated the Chair.

A pause of some minutes followed.

At eighteen minutes past eleven o'clock

The SPEAKER resumed the Chair.

Mr. STANLY moved that the reading of the Journal of yesterday be dispensed with.

Ordered accordingly.

GEORGE P. FISHER, Esq., appeared at the bar and stated that he was directed by the President of the United States, to deliver to the House of Representatives a message in writing.

The message was read.

[See it in the proceedings of the Senate.]

The two Houses of Congress having assembled in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution having been administered by Chief-Justice CRANCH to MILLARD FILLMORE, President of the United States, and the President and Senate having retired from the Hall,

A message in writing was received from the President of the United States, by GEORGE P. FISHER, Esq., which was read.

[See the message above, in the proceedings of the Senate.]

Whereupon Mr. CONRAD of Louisiana rose and addressed the House as follows:

MR. SPEAKER:—In accordance with a wish expressed by many members, I have prepared a resolution adapted to the melancholy event which has just been announced, and which I propose to offer to the House. Before doing so, however, I would do violence to my own feelings, as a representative of that State of which the illustrious deceased was a citizen and the brightest ornament, if I did not offer some remarks appropriate to the occasion. Seldom has an event occurred which more strikingly illustrates the uncertainty of life and the instability of all earthly greatness than the one we are called upon to deplore.

A few days ago General Taylor was in his usual robust health. On the fourth of this month he attended some ceremonies which took place in commemoration of the anniversary of our national independence. As the ceremonies occurred in the open air, it is believed that the exposure to a heat of unusual intensity produced the malady which, at about half-past ten o'clock last night, terminated his earthly career. A great patriot has fallen! A great benefactor of his country has departed from among us! In a few hours a nation will be plunged in mourning, and a voice of lamentation will ascend from twenty millions of people!

It is not my purpose, Mr. Speaker, to dwell at length on the public career and military achievements of General Taylor. These belong to the history of his country, and are deeply engraven on the memories and hearts of his countrymen. I prefer to dwell on those minor traits of his character which, as they exert a less perceptible influence on the destinies of nations, are too often overlooked by the historian.

General Taylor's was not one of those characters, of which history furnishes many conspicuous examples, in which many great defects are concealed amid the dazzling splendour of a single virtue. On the luminous disc of his character no dark spots are perceptible. *His* biographer will have no great fol-

lies to conceal, or faults to excuse, or crimes to palliate or condemn. There is no dark passage in *his* life which justice will be called upon to condemn, or morality to reprove, or humanity to deplore. Like the finished production of an artist, the details of the picture are as correct and as beautiful as the general outline is grand and imposing.

His heroic courage and military genius are those qualities to which he is chiefly indebted for his fame, and yet those who knew him best would not consider them the prominent attributes of his character. On the contrary, this courage appeared only an adventitious quality, occasionally developed by circumstances requiring its exercise. His prominent characteristics, always manifest, were an unaffected modesty, combined with extraordinary firmness, a stern sense of duty, a love of justice tempered and softened by a spirit of universal benevolence, an inflexible integrity, a truthfulness that knew no dissimulation, a sincerity and frankness which rendered concealment or disguise absolutely impossible.

These were the traits that endeared him to his friends, and inspired with confidence all who approached him. These were the qualities which in private life made him the upright man, the valuable citizen, the devoted friend, the affectionate husband, the fond father, the kind and indulgent master, and

which, brought into public life, made him the disinterested patriot, and the faithful and conscientious magistrate. His martial courage was set off and relieved by this group of civic virtues, as the brilliancy of the diamond is enhanced by the gems of softer ray by which it is encircled.

The mass of the people in all countries possess a wonderful sagacity in detecting the prominent traits of their distinguished men. The American people are inferior to none in this quality; and they soon discovered and appreciated the merits of General TAYLOR. It is not surprising, therefore, that they called him, almost by acclamation, to fill the first office in their gift.

It is so common for the most ambitious men to affect a reluctance in accepting those very honours which they have long and ardently coveted, that we are apt to consider all such professions as indicating feelings the very reverse of those they express. Those, however, who knew General TAYLOR well, entertained no doubt of the entire sincerity of his declarations when he was called upon to be a candidate for the office of President.

The excitement of politics had no charm for one who had always been extremely averse to political controversy. The pomp and splendour of the presidential mansion had no temptations for one who was always remarkable for the simplicity of his

tastes and the frugality of his habits. Add to this, that his unaffected modesty and inexperience in public affairs led him sincerely to distrust his ability to discharge the duties of this high and responsible station.

At no period of our history, indeed, was the executive chair surrounded by more difficulties than those which encompassed it when he was called on to occupy it. Party spirit was still raging with unabated fury; a dark cloud was visible on the horizon, which portended that a storm of unusual violence was approaching, and would shortly burst forth. Under such circumstances, a man even of stouter heart than his might well hesitate before he consented to embark on this "sea of troubles." Yielding, however, to the public voice, and to the arguments and persuasion of his friends, he did embark. The tempest arose; and in the midst of its fury, while the vessel of state was tossed to and fro, and all eyes were turned with a confidence not unmingled with anxiety on the pilot who, calm and collected, guided her course, that pilot was suddenly swept from the helm!

Here let us pause! Let us avail ourselves of the momentary calm which this sad event has produced, and calmly survey the perils that surround us—the lowering heavens above, the raging billows below, the breakers on our right, the shoals on our left.

Let us prepare to meet these dangers like men and like patriots, to overcome them. Let us not despair of the Republic. On the contrary, let us determine that she *must* be saved, and she will be saved. The clouds that overhang us will be dispersed, and the glorious stars of our Union will again shine forth with their wonted splendour.

I beg leave to submit the following resolutions:—

Whereas, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States, the House of Representatives, sharing in the general sorrow which this melancholy event must produce, is desirous of manifesting its sensibility on the occasion; Therefore,

Resolved, That a committee, consisting of — members, be appointed on the part of this House, to meet such committee as may be appointed on the part of the Senate, to consider and report what measures it may be deemed proper to adopt in order to show the respect and affection of Congress for the memory of the illustrious deceased, and to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral.

Resolved, That this resolution be communicated to the Senate.

Mr. WINTHROP rose to second the resolutions, and proceeded as follows:

It would not be easily excused, Mr. Speaker, by those whom I represent in this Hall, if there were no Massachusetts voice to respond to the eulogy

which has been pronounced by Louisiana upon her illustrious and lamented son. Indeed, neither my personal feelings nor my political relations either to the living or to the dead would permit me to remain altogether silent on this occasion. And yet, sir, I confess, I know not how to say any thing satisfactory to myself, or suitable to the circumstances of the hour.

The event which has just been officially announced, has come upon us so suddenly—has so overwhelmed us with mingled emotions of surprise and sadness—that all ordinary forms of expression seem to lose their significance, and one would fain bow his head to the blow in silence, until its first shock has in some degree passed away.

Certainly, sir, no one can fail to realize that a most momentous and mysterious Providence has been manifested in our midst. At a moment when, more than almost ever before in our history, the destinies of our country seemed, to all human sight, to be inseparably associated with the character and conduct of its Chief Executive Magistrate, that Magistrate has been summoned from his post, by the only messenger whose mandates he might not have defied, and has been withdrawn for ever from the sphere of human existence!

There are those of us, I need not say, sir, who had looked to him with affection and reverence as

our chosen leader and guide in the difficulties and perplexities by which we are surrounded. There are those of us, who had relied confidently on him, as upon no other man, to uphold the Constitution and maintain the Union of the country in that future, upon which "shadows, clouds and darkness" may well be said to rest. And, as we now behold him, borne away by the hand of God from our sight, in the very hour of peril, we can hardly repress the exclamation, which was addressed to the departing prophet of old: "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

Let me not even seem to imply, however, that the death of General TAYLOR is any thing less than a national loss. There may be, and we know there is, in this event, a privileged and preëminent grief for his immediate family and relatives, to which we can only offer the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy. There is, too, a peculiar sorrow for his political friends and supporters, which we would not affect to conceal. But the whole people of the United States will feel and will bear witness, when they receive these melancholy tidings, that they have all been called to sustain a most afflicting National bereavement.

I hazard nothing, sir, in saying, that the roll of our Chief Magistrates, since 1789, illustrious as it is, presents the name of no man, who has enjoyed

a higher reputation with his contemporaries, or who will enjoy a higher reputation with posterity, for some of the best and noblest qualities which adorn our nature, than ZACHARY TAYLOR.

His indomitable courage, his unimpeachable honesty, his Spartan simplicity and sagacity, his frankness, kindness, moderation, and magnanimity, his fidelity to his friends, his generosity and humanity to his enemies, the purity of his private life, the patriotism of his public principles, will never cease to be cherished in the grateful remembrance of all just men and all true-hearted Americans.

As a Soldier and a General, his fame is associated with some of the proudest and most thrilling scenes of our military history. He may be literally said to have conquered every enemy he has met, save only that *last enemy*, to which we must all, in turn, surrender.

As a Civilian and Statesman, during the brief period in which he has been permitted to enjoy the transcendent honours which a grateful country had awarded him, he has given proof of a devotion to duty, of an attachment to the Constitution and the Union, of a patriotic determination to maintain the Peace of our country, which no trials or temptations could shake. He has borne his faculties meekly, but firmly. He has been "clear in his great office." He has known no local partialities or prejudices,

but has proved himself capable of embracing his whole country in the comprehensive affections and regards of a large and generous heart.

But he has fallen almost at the threshold of his civil career, and at a moment when some of us were looking to him to render services to the country, which we had thought no other man could perform. Certainly, sir, he has died too soon for everybody but himself. We can hardly find it in our hearts to repine, that the good old man has gone to his rest. We would not disturb the repose in which the brave old soldier sleeps. His part in life had been long and faithfully performed. In his own last words, "he had always done his duty, and he was not afraid to die." But our regrets for ourselves and for our country are deep, strong, and unfeigned. "He should have died hereafter."

Sir, it was a fit and beautiful circumstance in the close of such a career, that his last official appearance was at the celebration of the Birthday of our National Independence, and, more especially, that his last public act was an act of homage to the memory of *him*, whose example he had ever revered and followed, and who, as he himself so well said, "was, by so many titles, the Father of his Country."

And now, Mr. SPEAKER, let us hope that this event may teach us all how vain is our reliance upon any arm of flesh. Let us hope that it may impress us with a solemn sense of our National as

well as individual dependence on a higher than human Power. Let us remember, sir, that "the Lord is king, be the people never so impatient; that he sitteth between the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet." Let us—in language which is now hallowed to us all, as having been the closing and crowning sentiment of the brief but admirable Inaugural Address with which this illustrious patriot opened his presidential term, and which it is my privilege to read at this moment from the very copy from which it was originally read by himself to the American people, on the 5th day of March, 1849—let us, in language in which "he, being dead, yet speaketh"—"*Let us invoke a continuance of the same Protecting Care which has led us from small beginnings to the eminence we this day occupy; and let us seek to deserve that continuance by prudence and moderation in our councils; by well-directed attempts to assuage the bitterness which too often marks unavoidable differences of opinion; by the promulgation and practice of just and liberal principles; and by an enlarged patriotism, which shall acknowledge no limits but those of our own wide-spread Republic.*"

Mr. BAKER said:—

Mr. SPEAKER:—It is often said of sorrow, that, like death, it levels all distinctions. The humblest

heart can heave a sigh as deep as the proudest ; and I avail myself of this mournful privilege to swell the accents of grief which have been poured forth to-day with a larger though not more sincere utterance. A second time since the formation of this Government a President of the United States has been stricken by death in the performance of his great duties. The blow which strikes the man falls upon a nation's heart, and the words of saddened praise which falls upon our ears to-day, and here, are but echoes of the thoughts that throng in the hearts of the millions that mourn him *everywhere*. You have no doubt observed, sir, that in the first moments of a great loss the instincts of affection prompt us to summon up the good and great qualities of those for whom we weep. It is a wise ordination of Divine Providence ; a generous pride tempers and restrains the *bitterness* of grief, and noble deeds and heroic virtues shed a consoling light upon the tomb. It is in this spirit that I recur for an instant, and for an instant *only*, to the events of a history fresh in the remembrance of the nation and the world. The late President of the United States has devoted his whole life to the service of his country. Of a nature singularly unambitious, he seems to have combined the utmost gentleness of manner with the greatest firmness of purpose. For more than thirty years the duties of his station confined

him to a sphere where only those who knew him most intimately could perceive the qualities which danger quickened and brightened into sublimity and grandeur. In the late war with Great Britain he was but a captain; yet the little band who defended Fort Harrison saw amid the smoke of battle that they were commanded by a man fit for his station. In the Florida campaign he commanded but a brigade; yet his leadership not only evinced courage and conduct, but inspired these qualities in the meanest soldier in his ranks. He began the Mexican campaign at the head only of a division; yet as the events of the war swelled that division into an army, so the crisis kindled him into higher resolves and nobler actions, till the successive steps of advance became the assured march of victory.

MR. SPEAKER, as we review the brilliant and stirring passages of the events to which I refer, it is not in the power even of sudden grief to suppress the admiration which thrills our hearts. When, sir, has there been such a campaign—when such soldiers to be led—and when such qualities of leadership so variously combined? How simple, but yet how grand, was the announcement, “In whatever force the enemy may be, I shall fight him.” It gave Palo Alto and Resaca to our banner. How steadfast the resolution that impelled the advance to Monterey! How stirring the courage which be-

leaguered the frowning city—which stormed the barricaded street—which carried the embattled heights, and won and kept the whole! Nor, sir, can we forget that in the flush of victory, the gentle heart stayed the bold hand, while the conquering soldier offered sacrifices on the altar of *pity*, amid all the exultation of triumph.

Sir, I may not stop to speak of the achievements of Buena Vista: they are deeds that will never die—it was the great event of the age, a contest of races and institutions. An army of volunteers, engaged not in an impetuous advance, but in a stern defence of chosen ground against superior force, and in a last extremity—men who had never seen fire faced the foe with the steadiness of veterans. Sir, as long as those frowning heights and bloody ravines shall remain, these recollections will endure, and with them, the name of the man who steadied every rank, and kindled every eye by the indomitable resolution which would not yield, and the exalted spirit which rose highest amid the greatest perils. It was from scenes like these he was called to the Chief Magistracy. It was a summons unexpected and unsought—the spontaneous expression of a noble confidence, the just reward of great actions. It may not be proper to speak here and now of the manner which these new duties were executed; but I may say, that here, as everywhere

else, he exhibited the same firmness and decision which had marked his life. He was honest and unostentatious; he obeyed the law and loved the Constitution; he dealt with difficult questions with a singleness of purpose which is the truest pilot amid storms. Nor can it be doubted that when impartial history shall record the events of his administration, they will be found worthy of his past life, and a firm foundation for his future renown.

You remember, Mr. Speaker, that when the great Athenian philosopher was inquired of by the Lydian king as to who was the happiest among men, he declared that no man should be pronounced happy till his death. The President of the United States has so finished a noble life, as to justify the pride and admiration of his countrymen—he has faced the last enemy with a manly firmness and a becoming resolution. He died where an American citizen would most desire to die—not amid embattled hosts and charging squadrons, but amid weeping friends and an anxious nation—in the house provided by its gratitude, only to be taken thence, to a “house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Sir, in the death which has caused so much dismay, there is a becoming resemblance to the life which has created so much confidence. His closing hours were marked with a beautiful calmness; his

last expressions indicated a manly sense of his own worth, and a consciousness that he had done his duty. Nor can I omit to remark, that it is this sense of the obligation of duty which appears to have been the true basis of his character. In boyhood and in age—as Captain and as General—whether defending a fort against savages, or exercising the functions of the Chief Magistracy, duty, rather than glory—self-approval, rather than renown, have prompted the deeds which have made him immortal.

MR. SPEAKER, the character upon which death has just set his seal is filled with beautiful and impressive contrasts;—a warrior, he loved peace; a man of action, he sighed for retirement. Amid the events which crowned him with fame, he counseled a withdrawal of our troops. And, whether at the head of armies, or in the Chair of State, he appeared as utterly unconscious of his great renown as if no banners had drooped at his word, or as if no gleam of glory shone through his whitened hair. It is related of Epaminondas, that when fatally wounded at the battle of Mantinea, they bore him to a height from whence, with fading glance, he surveyed the fortunes of the fight, and when the field was won, laid himself down to die; the friends who gathered around him wept his early fall, and passionately expressed their sorrow that he died childless. “Not

so," said the hero, with his last breath, "for do I not leave two fair daughters, Leuctra and Mantinea?" General TAYLOR is more fortunate, since he leaves an excellent and most worthy family to deplore his loss and inherit his glory. Nor is he fortunate in this only, since, like Epaminondas, he leaves not only two battles, but four—Palo Alto, Resaca, Monterey, Buena Vista—the grand creations of his genius and valour, to be remembered as long as truth and courage appeal to the human heart.

Mr. SPEAKER, the occasion and the scene impress upon us a deep sense of the instability of all human concerns, so beautifully alluded to by my friend from Massachusetts, [Mr. WINTHROP.] The great southern Senator is no longer among us. The President during whose administration the war commenced, sleeps in "the house appointed for all the living;" and the great soldier who led the advance and assured the triumph, "lies like a warrior taking his rest." Ah! sir, if in this assemblage, there is a man whose heart beats with a tumultuous and unrestrained ambition, let him to-day stand by the bier upon which that lifeless body is laid, and learn how much of human greatness fades in an hour; but if there be another man here whose fainting heart shrinks from a noble purpose, let him, too, visit those sacred remains, to be reminded how much there is in true glory that can never die.

Mr. BAYLY, taking the floor, said :

Mr. SPEAKER: Representing in part the native State of the illustrious dead, it may not be improper for me, in behalf of her delegation, to add a word to what has already been said. However much she may have differed with him while living, there is not one that mourns more deeply his sudden death. No State felt a loftier pride in his military achievements, or admired more his private virtues. None will drop a tear of more heartfelt sorrow upon his bier.

I hope it will not be deemed inappropriate for me to indulge in some reflections suggested by the occasion. For the second time, Mr. SPEAKER, in our political history, our national government is to be subjected to the trial of being administered by a President not elected by the people to that office. The first was severe enough ; but this must be still more so. How different is our situation now from what it was then ! Then, it is true, we were in a condition of high political excitement. But it was the elevation or downfall of parties which depended upon the result. Now we are in the midst of an angry sectional strife, threatening the very existence of the government itself. If that crisis required prudence, moderation, and wisdom to insure success to the experiment, how much more will the one in which we now find ourselves demand the exercise

of those high qualities! Sir, in the very midst of the tempest, when the storm is howling about us, and when all is uncertainty and alarm, the captain has been unexpectedly swept from the deck, and the second in command has just taken charge of the helm. If this loss has added to their anxiety, it but increases the obligation of fidelity on the part of the crew, upon whose fidelity at last the safety of the ship depends. Sir, we, that crew, owe it to ourselves, to those who have trusted us where we are—we owe it to mankind to save her from her perils.

Heretofore, when deluges have swept over the eastern continent, obliterating the vestiges of liberty, our country has been looked to as the Mount Ararat, upon which the Ark, laden with all that was dear to freedom, might rest with safety. Shall we now fan the infernal fires which are kindling in its bosom, and convert it into a terrible volcano, eructating its dreadful lava, and spreading ruin and devastation around? My ardent prayer is, that there is still enough of the spirit of our fathers among us to save mankind from this awful catastrophe.

Sir, as much as I have always admired our institutions, I am free to admit that I have never seen their beauties in bolder relief than to-day. The scene which has just been enacted before us has converted my admiration, as I doubt not it has that of

all of us, almost into idolatry itself. In the midst of such a crisis as the Union of these States never found itself in before—one threatening its downfall—in the very focus of the excitement which has produced it, we have seen the executive branch of the government, with all of its enormous power, pass, without the conflict of dynasties, so quietly from one set of hands to another, that but for the sadness which rests upon the brows of those around me, no one would conjecture that any thing unusual had occurred! Where else could such a scene be witnessed? In the history of what other government is its parallel to be found? Is there not enough—I appeal to my countrymen—in the reflections suggested by what is passing around us, to awaken the nation to a sense of that justice and patriotism by which alone can the blessings we enjoy be preserved to ourselves and mankind?

Mr. HILLIARD rose and said:

Mr. SPEAKER, at the suggestion of those in whose judgment I have confidence, I rise to offer an humble tribute to the memory of the great man who has just fallen in our midst. If he were living, I should leave others to eulogize him; as he is dead, I choose to speak of him. And yet I am so overwhelmed by the event which has just occurred, that I can scarcely find language to express what I feel. Some

events are so impressive that they leave little occasion for words—they are too great to be enlarged on. I am almost ready to follow the example of a great French orator, who, when called on to pronounce a funeral oration upon a deceased monarch, laid his hand upon the head of the dead king, and exclaimed: “There is nothing great but God.” Sir, there *is* nothing great but God.

General TAYLOR’S whole career illustrated the high qualities which so eminently distinguished him. I do not dwell upon his battle-fields—they belong to history, and they will find a place upon the brightest pages which record such exploits. Nor shall I speak of his courage—it is unnecessary; that is attested by hard-fought fields, and brilliant victories won under his eye against overwhelming numbers. But I wish to speak of that high sense of duty which characterized his whole life—that steady purpose to do what he believed to be right, at all times and in all places. In the performance of duty, nothing could move him—he marched directly upon the road where that called him. The reference to this trait in his character has been appropriately made by the gentleman from Illinois, [Mr. BAKER,] and it deserves to be observed and dwelt upon. To him, as fully as to any one I have ever known, may be applied the high eulogium of “*in corrupta fides*”—he kept his faith with all men. You might dissent

from his opinions—you might find fault with his judgment, but when he took his position, he kept it—his sense of duty sustained him, and opposition only served to make him the more steadfast in holding it.

It is said of Napoleon, that the great quality which distinguished him, next to his genius, was his love of glory; so that when he marched his army into Egypt, the appeal which he made to them on the eve of battle was, "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you from these pyramids."

General TAYLOR rather resembled Lord Nelson, who, when about to engage the enemy's fleet, sent to his several officers in command of his ships the words, "England expects every man to do his *duty*."

This was the constant aim of the illustrious man who has just been called away from us. This great quality which sheds such lustre upon his name, gave him that success which so uniformly attended him. When about to engage in battle at Buena Vista with the overwhelming army opposed to him, he comprehended the danger which invested him, but he had made up his mind that it was his duty to stand there, and in his own beautiful language, written before the engagement, he "looked to Providence for a good result."

General TAYLOR's character was American—dis-

tinctly and decidedly American. He was invited to quit the army and take the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. He did so with unaffected reluctance, from a sincere distrust of his fitness for such a station. But as in the army he had obeyed every order of his Government, he now obeyed the call of his countrymen, and laying aside his plumed hat, his epaulets, and his sword, he entered upon the functions of his new and great position with an honest purpose to do his duty.

Unlike Cæsar, who repelled the proffered crown while he coveted it, he came with diffidence to the high position to which he had been called, and unostentatiously employed himself with its appropriate duties; his whole course evincing his profound sense of the value of constitutional liberty, and his manners illustrating the beautiful simplicity of his character.

Sir, this illustrious man is called away from us at a moment most critical. Never have I known the Republic in such peril as now surrounds it. My friend from Massachusetts [Mr. WINTHROP] has well said that it is so clearly an interposition of Providence, that he is ready to exclaim, "The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Sir, I agree to this. It is an interposition of Providence; and it comes to us in a trying hour. But I am not dismayed. My trust in Providence is unshaken. Our country has been delivered, guided,

made glorious, by a good Providence. It will be so still. I remember, when the prophet referred to by the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. WINTHROP] was surrounded by a hostile force, and all hope of escape seemed cut off, that a young man who was with him cried out in great fear; and the reply of the prophet was, a prayer that the young man's eyes might be opened. He then saw that all within the hostile lines were "chariots and horsemen of fire," ready to succour and to deliver the beleaguered city. So will it be with us. The dangers which threaten us will be averted, and, I trust, for ever disposed of.

The solemn event which has just occurred will arrest the angry current which has swept us on so fiercely. It imposes a truce, at least for a season, upon contending parties. In the mean while, a better feeling may spring up; and we may ask, "Why do we struggle with each other? Are we not brethren?" The nation will be impressed with the bereavement which it has suffered, and the tide of sorrow which sweeps throughout the country will admonish us to agree in wise, patriotic, and fraternal counsels. The very event which we deplore, and which we regard as a calamity, will be overruled for good; and HE that sitteth on high, mightier than the water-floods, will put forth his power and cause a great calm.

Sir, death is at all times a solemn event; it touches both time and eternity; it terminates an earthly existence, it opens an immortal one. But this death will strike the world as an event marked by more than common solemnity. We mingle our tears over the bier of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation. We will honour his memory, and we will claim his fame for his whole country. Henceforth he belongs to his country, and his name is a part of our common inheritance. His last public act was in honour of the memory of Washington: he fixed his eyes upon that noble monument which is rising to the skies, built up by the present generation for one whom all called blessed. By this time he has, it may be hoped, met the revered Father of his Country, in a world where their companionship will be eternal. His memory is safe—no human events can now affect it; the great qualities, the private virtues, the public services—all that is precious in his memory, has received the seal of death.

“The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.”

Hon. JOHN A. KING addressed the House as follows:

MR. SPEAKER,—I desire to say a few words on the sudden and overwhelming event which has caused us to assemble here this day—in grief and in sorrow, in honour and respect. We are called upon to bow

with submission to the inscrutable will of Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, to mourn the loss of one who, during a long career of distinguished and patriotic service, endeared himself to the hearts of the American people; to look firmly, but without despair, at the sudden death of the Chief Magistrate of the millions of freemen over whose destinies he but yesterday presided in health and honour; to acknowledge the eminent services which in war he has rendered to his country; to bear testimony to the moderation and the firmness of his conduct as the chosen head of the nation; to declare the hope which sprung in every bosom while the short struggle for life endured, that that life, if not for his, for their sakes might be spared; to manifest, so far as words can express them, the feelings of desolation which reign in every bosom on account of the sad bereavement. The character of him whom we mourn was made up of elements which never fail to win the attachment and confidence of the American people. Frank, direct, humane yet firm of purpose, he brought to the consideration of questions of difficulty, a clear and unbiassed judgment—a decision which once fairly made never swerved. The consequences were, success and honour for himself and his country. Few ever could boast a greater or a better influence over the hearts of the people; and that generous attachment which cheered him

while living will mourn him dead. We lament him as our glory and our defence—as the head and hope of this great confederacy.

But yet we are not left without hope, without alleviation. One yet remains to us who is to fill the honoured chair of State—one whose public and private character needs no eulogy—one in whom the mild and best qualities of a statesman are fairly mingled. Let us give him our confidence; let us cheer him in the performance of these, his unexpected and most undesired duties. Let us cast on him the mantle of our hopes and confidence, for he deserves and will honourably wear it.

MR. SPEAKER, there are those of the household of the distinguished and lamented dead whose bereavement is deepest, and whose broken hearts no human consolation can reach. Let our anxious thoughts be directed, and our warmest sympathies be poured out in their behalf; for they have borne themselves gently, in the position they have been called upon to fill. I cannot close, sir, these brief remarks, without expressing my abiding trust that this dispensation of an overruling Providence, whose will we may not question, may still be ordered for the honour, the safety, and the glory of the republic.

Mr. MARSHALL, of Kentucky, said :

Mr. SPEAKER,—Silence is the true eloquence of wo, and the most appropriate sign of submission to Him, whose inscrutable decree afflicts this people.

Were the emotions of my own bosom at this moment the accepted counsellors of my action, content to mingle mine with the nation's tears, I should permit this solemn occasion to pass without the obtrusion of a single remark. But, custom and the known relations I held to the late President of the United States, induce me to express here, my own personal grief at his untimely death, and the profound sensibility with which intelligence of the lamentable event will be received by the Commonwealth of Kentucky. In no quarter of our country will this blow fall with more crushing force, than upon the district I represent. *There* are the graves of his parents—the habitations of his kindred—the surviving associates of his youth—the especial friends of his matured manhood—the companions of his military adventures—and the most numerous branches of his family connection. *There* his name was, indeed, a tower of strength, as his fame was the pride of the people.

I have not arisen to dwell upon his great exploits or to recount his many virtues. These can derive no additional lustre from the voice of exaggerated eulogy : they are already familiar to every votary of

courage, truth, and worth. Comparison between ZACHARY TAYLOR and celebrated ancients, illustrious in life or death, will neither diminish nor increase his claim to the admiration of mankind. *His* character was formed on no pre-existing model. Reared amidst the solitudes of the western wilderness, his principles were fashioned by the precepts of the Kentucky pioneer; and his glorious career has amply vindicated *their* Christianity, wisdom, and patriotism. The statue of his fame shall rise before the student of American greatness, not merely subline from the beauty of its just proportions, but conspicuous from its originality. The column is now complete. Omniscience has withdrawn the workman—Time and Earth have but “the sign and token” of the great original. The pencil of history will fill the bold outline of our illustrious American, for the contemplation and admiration of posterity.

Great, without pride; cautious, without fear; brave, without rashness; stern, without harshness; modest, without bashfulness; apt, without flippancy; intelligent, without the pedantry of learning; sagacious, without cunning; benevolent, without ostentation; sincere and honest as the sun, the “noble old Roman” has at last lain down his earthly harness—his task is done. He has fallen, as falls the summer-tree in the bloom of its honours. ere the

blight of autumn has seared a leaf that adorns it. The image of his exalted character is indelibly impressed upon the hearts of his countrymen, and the lines thereof

“By just degrees will every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth and gain upon the skies.”

At the honoured urn which holds the remains of our beloved and departed chief, Kentucky asks a place among her sisters, to baptize it with the tears of sincere sorrow, and to attest her sense of our common loss.

Participating entirely in the feeling which follows into retirement the bereaved family of the illustrious deceased, I desire now to offer to them, in behalf of the representatives and people of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, (and, I am sure, I may well add, of all the States of the Union,) the expression of our sincerest sympathy under their deep affliction. May the Hand which “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” bring to their relief the consolations of religion, and the satisfaction to be imparted by an assurance that of General TAYLOR, as a friend, citizen, soldier, patriot—

“None knew him but to love him
None named him but to praise.”

The beauties of his domestic life remain to his family as sacred recollections. It is not *for us*, there to intrude, or, by any attempt to pass them in review, to

disturb the melancholy but sweet satisfaction the memory of them must necessarily inspire. To us, as public men, the bright example of the departed is set "as a lamp to our path." May it be present through all the watches of the night: may *we*, too, be able to repeat to a grateful country, as the last of earth shall come to each of us, the simple and touching, but sublime declaration of the President's death-scene—"I am not afraid to die: I am ready: I have done my duty."

A message was received from the Senate by Mr. Maehen, their chief clerk:

MR. SPEAKER:—The Senate have passed the following resolution in which I am directed to ask the concurrence of this House, viz.:

Whereas, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States, the Senate, sharing in the general sorrow which this melancholy event must produce, is desirous of manifesting its sensibility on the occasion; Therefore,

Resolved, That a committee consisting of Mr. WEBSTER, Mr. CASS, and Mr. KING, be appointed on the part of the Senate, to meet such committee as may be appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to consider and report what measures it may be proper to adopt, to show the respect and affection

of Congress for the memory of the illustrious deceased, and to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral.

The resolutions submitted by Mr. CONRAD were then unanimously agreed to.

On motion of Mr. WHITE of New York, the blank in the resolutions was filled by inserting the word "nine."

When the following named members were appointed the said committee, on the part of the House, viz. :

Mr. CONRAD of Louisiana.

Mr. McDOWELL of Virginia.

Mr. WINTHROP of Massachusetts.

Mr. BISSELL of Illinois.

Mr. DUER of New York.

Mr. ORR of South Carolina.

Mr. BECK of Kentucky.

Mr. STRONG of Pennsylvania.

Mr. VINTON of Ohio.

Mr. CABELL of Florida.

Mr. KERR of Maryland.

Mr. STANLY of North Carolina.

Mr. LITTLEFIELD of Maine.

Ordered, That the clerk acquaint the Senate therewith.

And then, on motion of Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, the House adjourned until to-morrow at eleven o'clock, A. M.

IN SENATE.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1850.

Mr. WEBSTER, from the committee appointed on the part of the Senate, jointly with the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to consider and report what measures it may be proper to adopt in order to show the respect and affection of Congress for the memory of ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States, reported in part the following :

That the funeral take place from the President's house on Saturday next. The ceremonies to commence at twelve o'clock, M., and the procession to move at one o'clock precisely.

That the two Houses of Congress assemble in their respective chambers on Saturday next at eleven o'clock, and thence move in joint procession to the President's house.

That the chambers of the two Houses be hung in black, and that the members wear the usual badges of mourning.

The Senate proceeded by unanimous consent to consider the report, and the same was concurred in.

Mr. UNDERWOOD then rose and said :

Mr. PRESIDENT,—The report just made having brought up again to the attention of the Senate the

death of the late President of the United States, and having been absent yesterday when the gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. DOWNS] made his eloquent and appropriate address, and offered his resolutions—my absence resulting from the fact that I was appointed one of the committee on the part of the Senate to wait upon Mr. FILLMORE, and make arrangements preparatory to his taking the oath of office—I throw myself upon the indulgence of the Senate, and beg permission to make a few remarks.

I was among the earliest to advocate the election of General TAYLOR, and, in common with a very large majority of the people of my State, gave him a most cordial support. He had been raised among us. His character was formed and developed by associations with the pioneers of a western wilderness; with those who encountered the difficulties and privations of settling and improving the most fertile region of the globe; and who, almost unaided by government, relying exclusively upon their own individual resources and energies, successfully resisted the persevering efforts of numerous hordes of warlike savages to expel them from the country. His father, Richard Taylor, a soldier of the Revolution, was eminently qualified to infuse into the mind of his son those sentiments of ardent patriotism and lofty heroism which pervaded all classes with whom ZACHARY TAYLOR associated when a boy. Well do

I remember that father; for I was associated with him in the legislature of Kentucky, at a time when questions of constitutional law deeply agitated the entire State, and when rancorous and bitter politicians threatened the public peace, and dared to talk of bloodshed. I remember the conciliating, calm, and yet firm demeanour of that father amidst the storms of debate and the fierce collisions of conflicting opinions. In these respects he was the admirable prototype of the hero of Buena Vista.

With such a father, and under the influences of the society and circumstances by which General TAYLOR was surrounded in his boyhood, it would have been indeed strange had he grown up without a strong predilection for military life. Fortunately for his own fame, fortunately for the glory of his country, in youth he put on the armour of a soldier. What followed is well-known history, and needs no repetition here.

A grateful country, penetrated by a deep conviction of the intuitive sagacity and elevated patriotism of General TAYLOR, united with military achievements of unsurpassed splendour, and a personal character for truth and honesty without a superior, made him Chief Magistrate. The providence of God has terminated his earthly career, during this the first session of Congress since his inauguration. His father was permitted to live and take an efficient

part in accomplishing those measures which relieved Kentucky from the threatened horrors of civil war. The son has been taken hence to the world of spirits, before those agitating questions which now excite Congress and the people, and threaten the destruction of the government, have been settled. Mysterious providence! There were thousands and hundreds of thousands of our countrymen who looked for help in this time of need to the unbending integrity and firmness of purpose which ever characterized our late President. God has taken from them this staff of their reliance. It will be manifested in time whether the measure of General TAYLOR'S honours and usefulness being full and overflowing, he was removed by the Ruler of the Universe to give place to those equally or better able to calm political dissensions, and to extricate the country from impending dangers, or whether the awful judgments of God are to rest upon us for national sins, and for the want of that wisdom and spirit of conciliation which have heretofore enabled such men as ZACHARY TAYLOR to secure national prosperity and happiness. Whatever purposes of the Deity the future may unfold, the present is a day of mourning; and certain I am that no portion of our extensive country will feel more sensibly the general bereavement than the State in which our dead and yet unburied Chief Magistrate spent the

morning of his life. Kentucky will long remember and mourn for him as one of her own sons, and as the commander who led her McKee, her Clay, her Hardin, her Barbour, her Willis, and a host of her less distinguished children, to the glorious sacrifice of life, to secure the triumph of their country.

And while we sympathize and condole with the family of the great and good man gone from earth for ever, let us indulge the hope that his bright example will be of immense value to succeeding generations, and that his spirit with kindred spirits now constitute a blessed society in heaven.

On motion by Mr. ATCHISON,

Ordered, That when the Senate adjourn, it adjourn to Monday next.

On motion the Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1850.

Mr. CONRAD, from the Joint Committee appointed to take into consideration "What measures it may be proper to adopt, to show the respect and affection of Congress for the memory of ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States, and to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral," made the following Report :—

[See the report in the Senate proceedings.]

The said report having been read, it was unanimously concurred in.

On motion of Mr. STRONG, it was

Ordered, That when the House adjourn, it adjourn to meet again on Saturday next, at ten o'clock, A. M.

And then,

On motion of Mr. DUER, the House adjourned until Saturday next, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850.

The House met at eleven o'clock, A. M., pursuant to adjournment.

The SPEAKER, members, and officers, in pursuance of the order of Thursday last, then proceeded in procession to the President's House, for the purpose of uniting in the funeral ceremonies of ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States.

IN SENATE.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850.

The Senate having, in conformity with their previous order, attended the funeral of the late President of the United States, returned to their chamber; and

On motion by Mr. GREENE,

Adjourned.

THE FUNERAL.

The following account of the funeral solemnities appeared in the National Intelligencer.

“Can this be death?—then what is life or death?

‘Speak!’—but he spoke not: ‘Wake!’—but still he slept.
But yesterday, and who had mightier breath?

A thousand warriors by his word were kept
In awe; he said, as the Centurion saith,

‘Go,’ and he goeth; ‘come,’ and forth he stepp’d.
The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb;

And now nought left him but the muffled drum!”

WHEN it became our melancholy duty, nine years ago, to record some account of the obsequies of the lamented HARRISON, we little thought that, during our brief remaining term of life, it would ever, certainly not so soon, be our lot to repeat the tale of another Presidential Funeral. But that mysterious roll of human fate, written in Heaven, but slowly unfolded, line after line, by the unerring hand of Time, has many things in reserve for us all, of which we little dream; and nations, like individuals, are sometimes shocked by the advent of calamities as sudden and unlooked-for as they are great. Such an event has befallen this youthful Republic; and no stranger who beheld this city during the last few days could doubt that some great and appalling stroke had fallen upon the community. The silent streets—the public offices, and even the private dwell-

ings, shrouded in mourning—the national colours, wherever visible, displayed at half-mast, all told the story to the eye; while the looks of the people, the pause in public business, the rapid arrival of strangers, the groups collected in earnest conversation, or intent on public prints bearing their well-known badges of mourning, still more unfailingly impressed the fact upon the heart.

During the after part of Friday, the stream of people might be observed directing itself toward the Presidential Mansion, while those who left it carried in their countenances an unusual gloom, and in their hands a leaf, a flower, a withered branch, to be treasured up as a memorial consecrated by its having once rested on the bier of ZACHARY TAYLOR. The body of the deceased President was on that day placed in the great East Room of the Executive Mansion, on an elevated platform, in its centre, under a canopy of black, being deposited in a coffin covered on the outside with black velvet and draperies of silver, and lined within with velvet also, but of the purest white. The shroud was of satin, and a white cravat was gracefully thrown around the neck. The countenance there exposed was one not to be passed over with a slight or transient gaze. It fixed every eye. It had three things impressively written upon it: uprightness, benevolence, and peace. The face looked just as in life: frank, manly, simple, kind, with almost a smile about the mouth. On the coffin lay a profuse quantity of flowers and buds, which were continually being removed by the crowds who gathered from all quarters to contemplate the spectacle, and were as often renewed.

The FUNERAL was appointed for Saturday. The weather

was cool, and the morning opened with a clear sky and a welcome breeze, both continuing throughout the day. Funeral salutes were fired at sunrise; all stores were closed; and very soon the sound of the drum was heard—the military were in motion, and the streets began to be thronged with horsemen and vehicles of all descriptions. The lines of railroad brought such trains of cars as are seldom witnessed for number, and all densely crowded. The city resembled some hive, alarmed and astir for a general move; and yet, with all the bustle and movement, there was mingled a prevailing quietness, a chastened abstaining from all tumultuous noises, which reminded one of the Sabbath.

The troops hastened to their appointed rendezvous, the various civic associations to their respective halls of meeting; while the whole population, with a countless addition of strangers from all the adjacent States of the Union, grouped themselves at the intersections of streets with the main avenue, or at the open windows of houses where the procession was to pass. From these latter the sashes were in many cases removed, and, story above story, clustering heads, with eager look, were peering out upon the scene. In some places the very roofs were almost literally tiled with human heads. It is estimated that no less than a hundred thousand human beings were concentrated in this city on that memorable day. The avenue itself (we mean of course Pennsylvania avenue) was, by the activity of Marshals, posted from point to point along its whole length, kept entirely clear of all vehicles and horsemen but such as formed a part of the funeral cavalcade.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

Never has it been our lot to be present at any scene of such solemnity and dignity as that which the East Room of the Presidential Mansion offered on this occasion. Here lay in state the venerated dead; and here the last ceremonies of the Church were appointed to be performed. Beneath the capacious sable canopy the mortal remains of General TAYLOR lay coffined, and around those remains were clustered a host of the distinguished living. At the foot of the bier sat in sadness the Successor to the honours and the responsibilities of the Executive chair, with the constitutional advisers of the President; at its head were the Ministers of Religion, in the habiliments of their high office; to the right, occupying the southern portion of the room, were the distinguished Chiefs of the Army and the Navy. The General-in-Chief of the Army, WINFIELD SCOTT, with his Staff; Naval Commanders; Officers of the Marine Corps; the Major-General of the Militia, with his Aids, and Officers of the Engineer Corps, presented a spectacle of imposing grandeur, greatly heightened by the brilliant array of Foreign Ministers in their official costumes. On the left, in close proximity to the lamented dead, were seated world-renowned Statesmen. But they thought not of eminence to be attained in this sphere. An inscrutable Providence had given their minds a direction to the grave. There sat in sorrow, among the designated pall-bearers, Statesmen long distinguished by public service in both

Houses of Congress, whose names have become familiar as household words to the People. There, too, sat, on the opposite side, the immediate relatives of the deceased: Colonel TAYLOR, his brother, Dr. WOOD, Colonel BLISS, the Hon. JEFFERSON DAVIS, and others who are nearly allied, all furnishing painful evidence of

——— Wo too great to be express'd,
Which broods in silence and corrodes the heart.

The western part of the room was occupied by the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Members and officers of both these bodies, Heads of Bureaus, and a large body of Clergymen of all denominations.

All being seated, under the well-conceived instructions of the Marshal of the District, by Aids who performed their office with prompt attention and noiseless tread, an amateur choir from several churches, under the direction of Professor BERLYN, sang in solemn cadence, the anthem:

"I heard a voice from Heaven saying, Write, write from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours. Amen."

The Ritual of the Church, "Lord let me know my end," was impressively read by the Rev. Mr. PYNE, the responses being given by the Rev. C. B. BUTLER, in which other clergy and laymen joined. The latter gentleman then read a portion of the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians: "But now is Christ risen," &c.

The Rev. Mr. PYNE then delivered the following discourse.

DISCOURSE.

IN other lands, where there prevails a class of political and social relations essentially different from our own, there is a word often used, which, important and expressive as may be its import to the people of those lands, seems with us, under ordinary circumstances, scarcely to find a place or an application; I mean the word *august*. It may appear strange, speaking as an American to Americans, to employ such an expression as an august person, or an august presence; and yet, whatever there be in that word that conveys the associations and attributes of majesty, of all that can impress a human creature with reverence and awe, I find it in this audience and this presence; for I speak in an assemblage which is but the type and symbol of a mourning *nation*—appropriate symbol of its dignity and power. The Chief Magistrate of this republic, the members of its great legislative councils, the honourable heads of its Executive Departments, the honoured chiefs of the two great arms of the public service—this is a presence which, to me, as a citizen of this republic, is indeed *august*.

And not less imposing to me is the representation of the dignity of other lands in peace and harmony with our own; for that presence tells me not only that they are here among us as great agents for the interests of great nations, and therefore for the interests of the civilized world, but I believe they are here this day in this place of the mourning obsequies of the honoured dead, giving a tribute of not mere official reverence, but personal regret; yes! as ministers of this world's rulers, to whom the *peace* of the world is all-important, well may they regret him who, as long as he filled his great place, was a guarantee for one element in that world-wide security—the *stern, impartial neutrality of these United States*. I am sure I do them no more than justice in believing that a tenderer feeling is blended with this: the warm grasp of the hand, the cordial address, the true, honest words of welcome, and the homely but affectionate farewell, are present, I doubt not, at this moment to the memory of many a heart that beats beneath those insignia of official station. I remember well the impression made on me by his parting speech to the minister of a great empire: “God bless you, come back to us again”—a strange farewell, according to the vocabulary of diplomatic etiquette—a noble and characteristic one from General TAYLOR to the man he was really sorry to part with, and whom he honestly wished to see

again. I feel, then, that I speak in the presence of not mere official representatives of courts and countries, but of men whose sympathies accompany that presence, making it all the more impressive to me as it is honourable to them.

There is another presence here, to me the most august of all—the presence of that relic of the mighty dead! When living, he never heard from my lips one word of adulation, and now, if in that light and life of truth to which that true soul has been taken, he is conscious of aught that passes here, he sees that I am doing for him when dead, that which would most have pleased him in life. I will speak the *truth*, utter no single word which my conscience does not avouch, which is not an index of the feelings of my heart.

And oh! may I, the minister of God, not lose for one moment the conscious sense of that Presence—the “discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart!” May these few poor words of mine perform the best office for the dead, by doing good to the living, who in their turn must die!

In their appropriate time and place words have been spoken, the record of this great man’s life, the tribute to his multiplied claims upon the country—words worthy of those who uttered them, worthy of him whom they commemorated. Had this, then, been the fit occasion, or mine the proper voice, to

expatiate on such themes, I could only have reiterated what has been far better and more effectively said. Of his glorious history, then, as the leader of armies—of his measures as the Chief Magistrate of a great nation, I shall say nothing. I shall advert to one point alone, a subject of contemplation as useful as it is beautiful.

I have been struck with the coincidence, not merely in feeling, but in the very expression of that feeling, which has marked the reception throughout the country of the late heavy tidings. Simultaneously, from our halls of Congress, in every form of official announcement, in every private letter I have received or seen, there was one phrase, as though it were the only possible, the instinctive expression of one universal feeling: “*The great man!*” It is evidently no mere form of speech, nor is it employed in that conventional acceptance by which any man who had died in that great office might be called great. No, it is plain that in that individual man there were elements of character which have impressed upon the common sense and judgment of this country the indelible conviction that he was a great man. It is worth while for us to pause a moment to consider what those qualities were which elicited an acknowledgment so unusually, so universally accordant. It was not his military prowess or success. “*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*” The

civic and the mural crowns adorn too many brows to have made this man, as by emphasis, great. That wonderful campaign was indeed the lever which raised him up to show the world, not what *it* had made him, but what he was in himself, *the man*—the man to do the right thing at the right time; the man who would not leave his wounded behind him, and would have encountered any personal hazard or sacrifice to abide by that which his heart told him was right; the man quiet in expression, strong in action, firm in purpose, and whether in expression, action, or purpose, that transparent honesty and simple integrity forming, as it were, the atmosphere in which he lived and moved—which, so happily for himself and for us, not only enabled him to see clearly and do resolutely what became a true and brave man, but enabled the world to see how bravely and how honestly it was done. A rare gift! Let us honour it; and, above all, let us try to learn a lesson from it.

The secret of this illustrious man's strength and greatness lay in his being honest, true, right-minded. He might have possessed the same clearness of judgment in discerning any practicable or desirable end, the same determination of purpose in adhering to his maturely adopted plan for working it out. Would these things alone have made him what this nation has so universally called him? A man may see

very clearly a *bad* end, work with astonishing vigour and perseverance to accomplish it. Can such a man be really great—can he be really strong? It is true that, without these more active qualities, mere rectitude of intention and goodness of heart might constitute a good, but not a great man. And yet even in those elements of *goodness* lie the essential elements of *greatness*. The working powers of energy and will, of what avail are they if they have not the true material to work withal?—*reliability*! If a man have not that, who will trust him? Though he had the energy and intelligence of the arch-fiend himself, who will let him work with them or for them? And where is that reliability to be sought? In the fickle changes of a man's self-interest, in the declared submission to popular will, so that a man is perpetually looking without and never within for his rule of right? No! To give real body and strength to human character, there must be the strong mind, indeed, but it must be the strong mind acting responsively to the teachings of the *right* mind. "If the eye be single, then shall the whole body be full of light." *Goodness* and *power*—that is *greatness*. The people of this land saw it *there*, and therefore have they called him great. It is an honour to them to have seen him as they did, and to have placed him where they did.

There is, then, a great lesson to be learned here

this day. I will not suffer myself to suppose that there is a public man who hears me, who does not covet that which is high in honour, bright in fame, and which will last in the memory of man. We have had a great living example what there must be in a man to win from the world these noble appliances of honour and fame. Being dead, he yet speaketh a lesson which will be read and treasured by the generation who shall follow us.

Permit me, now, to pass to the yet higher teaching of this great event.

There is a series of commonplaces respecting death, judgment, eternity, which, awful and true as they are admitted to be, still, whether it be from the familiarity of our minds with them, in consequence of frequent repetition, or that the overwhelming interests of the solid, tangible present, veil the equally certain, but, as we think, far-removed realities of the future; from some cause or other, I repeat, these admitted, awful truths fail to exercise any influence on human conduct or character at all commensurate with their importance. The great reason of this is probably the practical ignorance or the forgetfulness of the great fact that, in the revelation of Christianity, judgment is not a thing which is to come, but is *now*; that we are actually in the kingdom of the Great Judge, the God-man, who is near to us, and we to him,—near, with his supplies

of grace to help in time of need—near, knowing from His human experience what man can do as well as what he ought to do, knowing from His divine omniscience every thought and intent of the heart. It is not, then, a remote judge and a remote judgment with which we have to do, but one at the door. The judgment of the great day is, in fact, only the sentence educed by the sum of those judgments which have gone up day by day from the thoughts, and words, and works. Alas! even in Christian people who are not insensible to this great fact of their religion, who feel its restraining and guiding influence in many of the circumstances of life, there is great hazard of their losing the practical conviction that there is only one Judge in the world with whom they have any thing really to do—that they should suffer questions of expediency or policy, or the opinions of men, to take the place of this simple accountability of the Christian conscience to the Christian Judge; so that any course of action for which we can adduce such plausible reasons as will satisfy the world, we take for granted as fit to stand before the bar of conscience. “If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God,” saith an apostle. But when, by any process of reasoning, we have so justified our conduct, that, before the tribunal of man’s judgment, we pass free, we may infer, as a necessary consequence, that our heart

should not condemn us; from this the step is easy to the conclusion that it does not. Seeing, then, how easily and insensibly we may fall into practical forgetfulness of the great judgment which standeth ever at the door, whose final award we shall all assuredly meet, it is the business of reasonable men, it is the solemn duty of responsible Christian men, whenever, in God's providence, any event occurs which teaches a great lesson on this very point, to study it devoutly, reverently. It is the great purpose of God, in troubling the still waters of common life, that we should note the descent of the angel and gather health from the perturbed element. Such a visitation has now been made. It weakens the effect of such an event to multiply words respecting it. It is a world-speaking sermon—to the world more immediately around us, among whom this illustrious person so lately and so conspicuously moved—speaking with especial emphasis. May God teach our hearts all its lessons. I shall not pretend to present them all, but will endeavour, by His grace, to awake your attention and my own to that lesson at least which comes home to the great business and wants of our daily life, and may make us wise unto salvation.

I would remark, then, that in the sudden removal of this distinguished person, from the cares, activities, and responsibilities of life, taking him (to use a common phrase) *to his account*, God was only doing

in a way which men in a sense see, and therefore more fully realize, what He was just as really doing at every moment of his previous existence. Before he came to that great office, at every instant of that momentous period of his life, up to the very time when the Great Judge gave visible note of what He had never ceased to do—it is not one whit more true that he has now gone to his account, that his Great Judge will one day pronounce his final award, than that every day he lived he was going to it—the Judge just as near to him, the account going on, the award made.

This is true of every human creature; but its great and startling truth is unquestionably brought more home to us when we have before us some noted instance like the present.

Let us suppose that on that memorable fifth of March, sixteen months ago, a message from God had revealed to the departed President, that which we now know!—that he had said to him, “I have brought you to this great office; in the full career of its duties you shall die.” It is not for any human creature to say whether it would have changed or modified any of the acts of his Presidential career; perhaps I cannot express in stronger terms my individual estimation of the man than to declare my strong personal impression that it would not. I do in my heart believe that every act of his official life

was done under the sense of personal and official responsibility. But, unquestionably, such a revelation would have given awful solemnity to every decision—it would have suffered no veil to interpose to conceal motive, no conflict or combination of interests to modify the one great motive and purpose, to repress the abiding conviction, “I am making up my own judgment—the judgment of man is nothing to me, except as it responds to the judgment of my conscience and my God. I must do my work—the messenger stands at the door and knocks—the grave is waiting—it is my work—the instruments I use to do it must be not those which others like the best, but such as I believe will do the work the best.”

Now, I am not preaching to *official* people simply—be the office high or low; I am preaching, and this great event is preaching to all. We are all in office!—an office before which the government of the world itself sinks into insignificance; the dignity of which was fully realized by Him who, when the world and its glories were proffered to Him, saw their comparative *nothingness*—the *great realm of conscience, the kingdom of God within us*. To the administration of this government all the powers of nature and of grace are made subordinate; we may use them or abuse them; for that use or abuse we know that we shall be held accountable. But we know it and admit it in a general way; and we

know that were such a revelation made to us as that I have intimated, the whole character and tenor of life would be affected by it. If you and I knew beyond the possibility of doubt that on the ninth of next July we should die, I say to you unhesitatingly that we would not live the coming year as we have lived the last. The world would assume a different character and relation to us; the opinions and associations of men would possess a widely different influence. Things which we think of very little importance because the rest of the world think them so, would be weighed in a very different balance—things that occupy a large portion of our attention and affection, because other men value or love them, would sink immeasurably in the scale. Oh! it is in the light of such a revelation that we should learn the full force of that apostolic injunction: “Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world,” for we should find, amid all our imagined love of God, and of His truth, what deep-seated care and love and worship of the world there is in the best of us; ay, and even in the best moods and movements of the best of us. Well, such a revelation has been made—not of the hour of death, but the hour of judgment—not of years in perspective, but in the awful *present*. The *eternal now* is judging us *now*. The hour of death, indeed, is not revealed; but come when it will, it comes not

as the hour of judgment, but the hour which tells us that all judgment is *at an end*—the balance struck, the account made up, the recording angel's function ended. No more make-weights of faith, and prayer, and repentance, and sanctity! The blood of the covenant has sealed the soul for its final passage in the great audit!—that blood which tells, *that it has paid the debt, or doubled it*. And as for that hour of death, we are not, indeed, told that it shall come in one, or ten, or fifty years, but we are told that *it shall come*. Told! There is not a day we live that we are not told it by that which moves men's minds more than God's own revelation. We see infancy and age, wisdom and folly, poverty and riches, lie down in that common bed. "But when? If we knew when! It would 'make us thoughtful, serious; the great business of life would be to make ready.'"

Do you think so? I believe that it would make you *mad*—I believe that reason would reel before the dreadful assurance, or that men's hearts would run into desperate recklessness. God, in his mercy, has concealed the *when*. He has not said, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." But he has said, this *hour it may, some hour it will*. In the construction of human language, the potential and the imperative are separate things. In the divine vocabulary this distinction exists not. Whatever he has said *may* be, is not only within his potential-

ity, but at every moment is at his fiat, when what *may be is*. It is the business of the children of God to view all those things which God, in reference to our condition, has pronounced contingencies, as realities. This contingency, above all. And yet, upon this simple difference of the *may* and the *shall*—creatures of intelligence and observation, as we boast ourselves—how absolutely does the whole tenor of our lives and actions often turn; we act as though the only revelation made to us were that of the Psalmist: “A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.”

Oh! may God’s message now awake us from this delusion; making us feel that, as in the startling case before us, revelation itself could not make the event more certain, so there is a revelation always speaking to us its message, but now echoed by heaven’s own angel, sounded abroad on the wide surface of our land: “Behold, I stand at the door and knock.” “Thy soul shall be required of thee.” I have now performed the function allotted me with such ability as God has given me. I trust that the humble but very sincere tribute to one who held so high a place among us is not unsuited to the time or place. It is indeed a high office; and for our own sake we should honour all who hold it—honour them living, honour them dead. We should show

that those whom a great people place in such a station of eminence are, by that single act, taken out of the category of common men. While they live we should respect them, and when they go the way of all flesh, I would still have them honoured in such a way as will do good to the living. There is a monument even now in progress to the memory of the first President of this country; but how utterly inadequate must that or any other monument be, as an expression of the veneration of this country or of the world itself. I can imagine a monument more worthy of the country and of him; one that would preach a great lesson to generations yet to come. Let the spot where the great Father of his Country reposes become national soil. Let there arise on the bank of his own river, beneath the shade of his own trees, a great mausoleum—there, around his mortal remains, let the bodies of all be gathered who have ever been chosen or shall ever be chosen by the American people to bear that office which Washington dignified and adorned. I believe that such a monument might do much to secure the best succession in the world, the succession of virtues and patriotism like his own. I am very sure that it would be visited like a shrine; that many a heart would beat with nobler pulses when looking on that assemblage of the mighty dead. And, if the day must come when the fate of the great nations

that have gone shall be ours; when strangers of some newer race and name shall come hither to visit the relics of a people once mighty and free—the very memory of other places, other names may have vanished, but that will remain; and the world will never cease to bear record that that must indeed have been a great nation which had such honourable sons, and so honoured them.

The benediction closed the Funeral Services at this place, and the body was removed to the carriage prepared for it in the order of procession, the infant Eberbachs mingling their sweet voices with the measured tread of the marines, who bore the body to the car, as they sang—

His triumphs are o'er—he's gone to his rest—
To the throne of his Maker, the home of the blest.
How peaceful and calm he now rests on the bier!
Each heart droops in sadness, each eye sheds a tear.
The hero, the statesman, his journey is done,
All his cares now are over, his last battle won;
Now sweetly he rests from his sorrows and fears,
And leaves a proud nation in sadness and tears.

THE MILITARY HONOURS AND PROCESSION.

It was past one o'clock before the ceremonies at the Presidential Mansion closed; and, soon after, the procession began to move. We enjoyed a favourable post for observation, having a fair view of both the civic and the military portions of it; and the impression was that of a solemnity every way worthy of the occasion. How the troops may have borne the criticism of an experienced military eye, we pretend not to know: to us, certainly, they appeared well-trained and soldierly in their movement, and neat, tasteful, and striking in their many different and contrasting uniforms. They were drawn up in line on the avenue, fronting the Presidential Mansion, with their officers posted in military order; and, when the Funeral Car made its appearance, it was received with the highest military honours amid solemn sounds of martial music. The mingling dirges filled the air, and seemed impressively to chant to each other the poet's immortal strain,

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

The *Catafalque*, or moving bier, which bore the mortal remains of the late President, was drawn by eight white horses, splendidly caparisoned, each led by an attendant groom in white turban and corresponding dress. The car, large and elevated, covered with black, and hung round with festoons of white silk, was surmounted by a canopy, above which was seen the American Eagle, deeply shrouded, in fact almost hidden, in black crape. The coffin occupied

a conspicuous position, and was fully exposed to view. But all eyes were drawn, even from this solemn sight, to one still more calculated to touch the feelings of a promiscuous assemblage; it was the General's favourite horse, the far-famed "*Old Whitey*," so well known to every soldier who served under the brave old man through the perilous and glorious Mexican campaigns. He is a well-made animal, of some fifteen and a half hands in height, in fine condition, and, as it seemed, with a military air. On the saddle were the holsters and inverted spurs. Poor fellow! he stepped proudly; but how would his pride have been quelled, could he have known that he now accompanied his beloved master for the last time! Yes, *Whitey*! you are surrounded by soldiers, as you were wont to be; the cannon thunder in your ear, that is a familiar sound; and near you is he whose heart never quailed and whose sword was never turned back from the fight; but, alas! he has met, at last, a foe he could not conquer, and the hand that so often patted your neck and reached you a morning token of his loving care, is cold in death, and will caress you no more!

The Military portion of the Funeral Procession is worthy of a special notice. It was anticipated that many Volunteer Companies, and indeed military men generally, would be anxious to attend the obsequies of the illustrious Chief-tain and President of the Republic; and this anticipation was fully realized. Baltimore contributed largely and patriotically to the military display, than which we never witnessed a more imposing one in this city.

From a favourable and commanding position at the corner of one of the cross streets, we noticed the troops marching in slow time, in the following order:

Patapsco Riflemen, of Baltimore, Capt. Swain, preceded by their Band.

Independent Greys' Band, of Baltimore.

Light Infantry, from Wilmington, Delaware.

German Yagers, of Baltimore, Capt. Pracht.

Maryland Cadets, of Baltimore, Capt. Poor.

National Blues, of Baltimore, Capt. Chesnut.

Taylor Light Infantry, from Catonsville, Maryland, under the command of Lieut. Brown, of the Independent Greys, Baltimore. This interesting corps consisted of two companies of youths, who are being educated at St. Timothy Hall. Their uniform was handsome, and they were well drilled.

German Washington Guards, of Baltimore, Capt. Hoffman.

National Greys, of Washington, Capt. Bacon.

Independent Greys, of Baltimore, Capt. Hall.

A platoon of commissioned officers representing volunteer companies of the fifty-third regiment of Baltimore.

A portion of the patriotic volunteer Defenders of Baltimore in the year 1814, with their banner. Amongst them we recognised General Anthony Miltenberger, Joseph K. Stapleton and Wm. P. Mills, Esqs.

First Baltimore Sharpshooters, of Baltimore, Capt. Lilly.

Jackson Guards, of Baltimore.

Independent Blues, of Baltimore, Capt. Shutt.

Independent Greys, of Georgetown, Capt. Goddard.

National Guards, of Philadelphia, Capt. Lyle.

Mount Vernon Guards, of Alexandria, Capt. Fields.

Richmond (Va.) Blues, Lient. Regnault, accompanied by their Band.

Worth Infantry, of York, Pennsylvania.

Eagle Artillery, of Baltimore, Capt. Phillips.

A platoon of officers representing volunteer companies of the fifth regiment of Baltimore.

Mounted Carbineers, of Baltimore, Capt. S. C. Owings.

The Marine Band attached to the Washington Navy Yard.

Two companies of United States Marines, Capt. Tansill.

Walker Sharpshooters, of Washington, Lieut. Birkhead.

Washington Light Infantry, of Washington, Capt. Tate.

Four companies (C, E, F, G) U. S. Artillery, acting as infantry, under the command, respectively, of Capt. Bowen, Lieut. Doubday, Capt. Williams, Capt. Brannan, and Lieut. Nichols.

1st Artillery Band, from Fort Columbus, New York.

One company of U. S. Flying Artillery, mounted and fully equipped, under the command of Major Sedgwick, from Fort McHenry, Baltimore.

Officers of the United States Navy, in uniform, on foot.

Major Gen. Jones, commanding the Militia of the District of Columbia and Staff.

Maj. Gen. Scott, General-in-Chief of the United States Army, and Staff.

Marshal of the District of Columbia and his Aids.

Mayors of Washington and Baltimore.

Joint Committee of Arrangements on the part of the two Houses of Congress, as follows :

Committee of the Senate.

Mr. WEBSTER, of Massachusetts; Mr. CASS, of Michigan;
and Mr. KING, of Alabama.

Committee of the House.

Mr. CONRAD, of Louisiana,	Mr. STRONG, of Pennsylvania,
Mr. McDOWELL, of Virginia,	Mr. VINTON, of Ohio,
Mr. WINTHROP, of Mass.	Mr. CABELL, of Florida,
Mr. BISSELL, of Illinois,	Mr. KERR, of Maryland,
Mr. DUER, of New York,	Mr. STANLY, of North Caro-
Mr. ORR, of South Carolina,	lina,
Mr. BRECK, of Kentucky,	Mr. LITTLEFIELD, of Maine.

Chaplains to Congress and Officiating Clergymen.

The Pall Bearers, as follows :

Hon. HENRY CLAY,	Hon. T. H. BENTON,
Hon. LEWIS CASS,	Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER,
Hon. J. M. BERRIEN,	Hon. TRUMAN SMITH,
Hon. R. C. WINTHROP,	Hon. LYNN BOYD,
Hon. JAMES McDOWELL,	Hon. S. F. VINTON,
Hon. HUGH WHITE,	Hon. ISAAC E. HOLMES,
G. W. P. CUSTIS, Esq.	Hon. R. J. WALKER,
Chief Justice CRANCH,	JOSEPH GALES, Esq.
Major General JESUP,	Major General GIBSON,
Commodore BALLARD.	Brig. Gen. HENDERSON.

Funeral Car, drawn by eight white horses, each horse attended by a groom.

General TAYLOR's horse, "Old Whitey," fully caparisoned, attended by a groom.

The Family of the late President in three carriages.

The President of the United States.

The Cabinet.

The Senate of the United States, preceded by its Officers.

The House of Representatives, preceded by its Officers.

The City Councils of Washington.

Professor HENRY, and Officers of the Smithsonian Institute.

A representation of the Firemen and of the Temperance Societies of Washington.

The Band of the Independent Blues, of Baltimore.

Clerks of the Executive Departments of the Government.

The Mayor and City Councils of Baltimore, in mourning.

Judges of Courts, Citizens, Strangers, &c. &c.

The Military Escort was closed by Major General SCOTT and his Staff. The noble and commanding figure of the General-in-Chief, mounted on a spirited horse, and shadowed by the towering plume of yellow feathers which marks his rank, presented an object well calculated to fill the eye and to swell the heart with patriotic pride. He looks in better health than we expected, and promises long to continue to be the pride of the army and an ornament to his country. It is at once an elevating and a moving sight to behold such a Hero as TAYLOR followed to the grave by such a Hero as SCOTT.

The Funeral Escort, of course, headed the Civic Procession—the Car which bore the remains of our late President being preceded by the Civil Officers of the District, the Committee of Arrangements of the two Houses of Congress, the Chaplains of Congress, the officiating Clergymen of the occasion, the attending Physicians to the late President, and the Pall-Bearers, twenty in number, whose names have already been announced; and followed by the Family and Relatives of the late President, by the President of the United States and Heads of Departments, the Senate and House of Representatives and their Officers, the Diplomatic Corps, and a great number of official persons, as enume-

rated in the programme, and filling more than a hundred carriages. The Car was formed on an ancient model. The body was eleven feet long and six and a half feet wide. On this body rested a pyramidal platform eight feet long, four feet wide, and twelve inches high. From that sprung an arch, five feet in height, as a canopy, which was beautifully festooned with white and black silk. On the top of the arch rested a very large and beautiful gilt eagle, enshrouded with crape. The body of the Car was festooned with rich black cloth, with black silk velvet in the back ground, ornamented with black and white silk fringe and white rosettes. The pyramidal platform was covered with black silk velvet, interspersed with silver stars and tassels. At the corner of each platform rested a large gilt urn.

The Procession extended nearly two miles, its rear being at the President's House when the Military Escort, which occupied more than a third of its entire length, had passed the Capitol. It slowly wound its way over the high grounds east of the Capitol, pursuing the broad and lately improved avenue which leads to the Congressional Cemetery. All the way along that distance, from the starting point to the place of interment, were stationed private carriages, horsemen, groups of citizens, families of children, and a mixed collection of expectant people, patiently awaiting (many of them for hours) the coming of the mourning train. Every shady spot was availed of; but, these being soon occupied, as well as every window, roof, or tree that would command a view of the procession, numbers sat or stood in the burning sun, so great was the desire to witness the solemn spectacle.

Arriving at the grave-yard, the artillery were posted on a

rising ground, the troops drawn up in double line, and the coffin, preceded by the Clergy and attended by the pallbearers, passed through the centre gate, and slowly reached the front of the receiving vault, which had been tastefully decorated with festoons of black, and was guarded by sentries to keep off the pressure of the crowd, which had already filled the enclosure. Here, the bier being set down, the Rev. Mr. PYNE read the solemn and beautiful service for the dead appointed in the Episcopal liturgy; when the body was taken up and deposited in a place appointed for its reception, until it shall be finally removed to its last earthly resting-place in the west, where the remains of ZACHARY TAYLOR will be emphatically AT HOME.

During the ceremony, as indeed during the whole march of the Procession, the utmost silence had prevailed. The eyes of the surrounding multitude were now directed with deep interest and solicitude to the countenance of President FILLMORE. It was filled with solemn awe, and seemed to express a meek and becoming sense of that omnipotent and inscrutable Providence which had thus suddenly and unexpectedly elevated himself to the highest human dignity, while it struck down, as in a moment, the great and good man whose ashes were before him. Yet there was mingled with that native modesty which never leaves him, a serene firmness, equally characteristic of the man, and which seemed, to a reflective observer, to say that the resistless hand which had lifted him up, unsought, to so high and perilous a station, was as strong to sustain as to elevate. To that hand, as merciful as mighty, is he heartily commended by the hopes, the wishes, and the prayers of every virtuous American.

Thus has a grateful Nation performed its last sad duty, and yielded the latest of many well-earned tributes to the honour of ZACHARY TAYLOR. Of the tears that have embalmed his memory, many fell from eyes unwont to weep, and many from those whose relentless party ties, or whose stern convictions of political duty, placed them in the ranks of his decided political opponents. Opponents they may have been, enemies they could not. So much obvious honesty of purpose, so much true devotion to the country's cause, so much unpretending but unyielding bravery, so much unaffected kindness of heart, united to so much manly sense and clear discernment, could excite the enmity of nothing that deserves to be called a man. If such a feeling could ever live, it is now dead—buried in his tomb. On that sacred tomb will flourish ever only the laurels of his military glory, mingled with all those milder wreaths of fragrant gratitude which are the meed of every social virtue.

IN SENATE.

MONDAY, JULY 15, 1850.

Mr. CASS, from the committee appointed the 10th inst. on the part of the Senate, jointly with the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to consider and report what measures it may be proper to adopt in order to show the respect and affection of Congress for the memory of ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States, reported a motion, which was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to, for the printing of a pamphlet containing the proceedings and remarks in both Houses, on the death of the late lamented President.

Mr. WEBSTER, from the committee on the part of the Senate, to join a similar committee on the part of the House, to make arrangements for the funeral of the late President, reported the following resolution :

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,
That the President of the United States be requested to transmit a copy of the proceedings of the two Houses on the 10th inst., in relation to the death of the late President of the United States, to Mrs. Margaret S. Taylor, and to assure her of the pro-

found respect of the two Houses of Congress for her person and character, and of their sincere condolence on the late afflicting dispensation of Providence.

The said resolution was read the first and second time, and unanimously adopted, and was afterward concurred in by the House of Representatives.

Bills were passed in both Houses authorizing the transmission of letters and packages free of postage to the widow of the late President of the United States, and conferring on her the franking privilege.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1850.

AGREEABLY to notice, Mr. WEBSTER asked and obtained leave to bring in the following Bill, which was read the first and second time by unanimous consent, and unanimously passed by the Senate. It was pending in the House of Representatives when this pamphlet went to press.

A Bill for the erection of a Monument to the memory of Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Commissioner of the Public Buildings be and he hereby is directed to cause to be erected in the burial ground of the city of Washington a neat and appropriate Monument to the memory of ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United

States, who died at Washington, the 9th July, 1850, with a suitable inscription on the same, stating the name, station, age and time of death of the deceased.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That a sum, not exceeding two thousand dollars, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated for the payment of the cost thereof, from any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

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